

Good Morning 681

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk by Derek Heberton



Within four days of publication, these Far East submariners read of their own exploits in the British Sunday newspapers which are flown out to Services in the Pacific.

FOR fourteen hours the crew of a British submarine were at diving stations, while a formidable force of enemy chasers dropped depth-charges close around them. But at the end of the day the Commanding Officer was able to record in his log: "Boat more or less back to normal."

The submarine, commanded by Lieutenant J. A. R. Troup, D.S.C., R.N., whose home is at Knightsbridge, London, had sunk one small enemy ship, and obtained hits on another earlier in the patrol.

A force of anti-submarine vessels, including two frigates, converged on the submarine at dawn.

"We soon realised that we had been caught by the 'First Eleven' from the Japanese anti-submarine school," said Lieutenant Troup, on his return from this eventful patrol.

"We went deep and silenced the submarine, but the chasers rushed to and fro above us, and dropped pattern after pattern of depth charges.

"One vessel passed right overhead and dropped a stick of three very close, causing considerable damage. All lights in the aft end, and many others, went out. The gyro compass was put out of action and the magnetic compass was also affected. The steering became most erratic.

"At the same time the asdic blew up with a spectacular flash, the after hydroplanes jumped 12 degrees out of line, and hatches lifted, but, fortunately, seated again.

"A teacup and saucer on the wardroom table jumped about eight inches into the air. The saucer disintegrated in mid-air and the cup fell down quite intact!

"We lay on the bed of the sea, stopped and silent, listening for the Japanese to come back. But they didn't, and some hours later we came up to periscope depth.

"The periscopes had been damaged, and it was difficult to see. But our greatest worry was the very high temperature

which our main motors had now reached, and the motor-room had to be evacuated.

"Most of the crew were beginning to feel really exhausted now. By the time we surfaced, after dark, we had been at diving stations for 14 hours.

"But by midnight we had asdic and gyro compass repaired and the steering working.

"Much credit is due to the first Lieutenant, Lieutenant P. H. B. Minchiner, R.N., who two days before had a high fever. Although he had only just recovered by being dosed with M. and B., he remained at his diving station for more than 14 hours, carrying out his duties."

Earlier in the patrol the submarine sank a small ship by gunfire and took one prisoner.

"He was most intelligent and well-educated," said Lieutenant Troup, "and on climbing down into the control room, he surprised everybody by smiling and saying, 'Hello. You've just got a couple of hits on us!'"

"Throughout the depth-charge attacks he sat calmly and stoically with his head in his hands. 'I was steady because I was convinced that you knew your job,' was his only comment after it was over."

Manoeuvring to carry out a submerged attack on a German U-boat, H.M.S. "Seraph" collided with the enemy 60 feet below the surface in one of the strangest submarine adventures of the war.

"Seraph" commanded by Lieutenant—now Lieutenant Commander—N. L. A. Jewell, M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., of Pinner, Middlesex, had surfaced at nightfall, when a U-boat was sighted on her starboard bow, pointing directly towards the British submarine.

"We immediately dived and went to a considerable depth," said Lieut.-Commander Jewell. "We were bringing the submarine up to

J. M. MICHAELSON writes about beer—our national beverage—from the days before anyone thought of taxing it to these times of high prices and famine.

Worst Thing King Charles II Ever Did

"NO Beer—Sold Out."

That notice has appeared on the doors of many bars in all parts of Britain during the last few years, and, according to the experts, a further beer "famine" is inevitable during 1945.

There are a number of reasons, but one of them is not that less beer is being brewed. In spite of labour shortage and difficulties with all the raw materials, except water, and the destruction of some breweries by bombing, more beer than ever is being brewed.

But Britain has become much thirstier. Wages are higher and there are fewer things to spend the money on. Women in increasing numbers have taken to drinking beer. The almost complete disappearance of wines and the shortage of spirits, together with their high price, have produced many new beer-drinkers.

On top of all this one-fifth of all the bottled beer being brewed has been earmarked for the armies overseas. The beer has to be bottled because of transport and keeping difficulties.

It might be argued whether beer or tea is our national drink. If the sum spent on the drink is the criterion, beer wins easily.

In normal times Britain was the world's third largest beer producer, following after the U.S.A. and Germany. She produced about 12 gallons a head of the population a year—but this was a decline from the 32 gallons a head of 1900, and probably an even bigger decline per head from the Middle Ages when beer was almost the only drink and an important food.

Beer in the Middle Ages was of two kinds, "strong" and "small." Small beer was 1d. a gallon and strong beer 4d. a gallon.

How "strong" it really was is difficult to judge, but there is a record (made by an early temperance reformer) of a man being drunk on one gallon and one gill, so that "drunk for a penny and dead drunk for tuppence" was not so far out!

Beer, or more correctly ale, was until the 14th century flavoured with spices. The introduction of hops for flavouring was not popular at first and there is a record in the fifth century of a petition against hops being used in ale.

To-day hops are used almost universally and provide not only flavour and aroma, but also act as a preservative. The correct selection and blending of hops is very important and it is not for nothing that Kentish hop fields have become world-famous.

Ale had been the national beverage of Britain for many centuries before anyone thought of taxing it.

King Charles II imposed the first duty, and ever since the tax has steadily increased until now the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be quite un-

D.S.M.
Acting C.P.O. James Walsh, and P.O. George Cubiss.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Temp. Lieut. Maurice Frederick Putnam, R.N.V.R., Acting Temp. L/Stoker Bertrand George Ireland, Acting Temp. L/Stoker Thomas Merrick, A/B Charles William Hope, Stoker Leonard John Smith.

WHEN Lieut.-Cmdr. H. B. Turner, D.S.C., R.N., went down with Porpoise, Mr. E. H. Turner, ex-Mayor of Colchester, lost his third son in the war.

Captain Cecil Turner, M.C., was killed at Tobruk, and Lieut. John Turner, M.C., taken prisoner in North Africa, was drowned when a transport was sunk.

able to balance the Budget if the taste for beer disappeared suddenly.

The tax has been imposed in all sorts of ways. From 1711 to 1862 there was a duty on hops. In 1830 there was introduced a tax on malt, and in 1850 a tax on sugar—only three years after sugar was first permitted to be used in brewing to replace some of the malt.

In 1894 6d. a barrel was added to the duty, and in 1900 another shilling, making it 7s. 9d., which was the figure in 1914 when World War I started. That began the "rake's progress." The tax soared to 100s. a barrel—and to-day we should think that was light.

What a difference the last war made can be judged from the figures before and after. In 1914 37½ million barrels produced just over £13½ millions in duty. In 1925 consumption had fallen to 26½ million barrels, but the duty was nearly £76 millions! The war also saw the loss of a good deal of our export of beer, which was 500,000 barrels in 1914 and a great increase in our imports, but this was largely due to the separation of the Irish Free State.

During the last century two great changes have taken place in beer. One is the manufacture of it in large breweries and the other is the increase in the proportion of beer sold in bottles instead of barrels or "on draught." The latter change has come about largely since the last war.

Until about a century ago, most of the beer in Britain was brewed privately, in houses, farms, castles and so on. The industrial revolution changed that, and the large brewery came in.

As the amount of beer brewed increased, so the number of breweries decreased and the size of each became greater. In spite of the popular belief, the total result has been an improvement all round in the quality of the beer.

Brewing is a very complex chemical process. The large brewery is able to employ experts and attain a scientific control quite impossible in the private house where "rule of thumb" methods were used. There has probably been some loss in the variety of flavours available, but as most of the beers were never tasted by anyone living outside the farm where they were made, it is probable that the public has lost little.

Few people realise the number of "private" brewers still in existence. Just before the war the number of private brewing licences was 8,000. The holders were farmers who "kicked home brew," Oxford and Cambridge colleges, big landowners and, in many cases, ordinary men and women who liked "home brew," Oxford according to their own recipe.

Some of these recipes are very old and the brew is potent. One of the most famous is the Morocco beer brewed at Levens Hall, Cumberland. A drink of this strong, black beer is offered to every guest in a special glass bearing the words "Here's luck to the Lady of Levens." The recipe traditionally goes back to the Middle Ages.

Another famous privately brewed beer is that brewed by Lord Halifax for the tenants on his Yorkshire estate on special occasions. This is "Hickleton home brew."

Up to the outbreak of war at any rate one Londoner not only brewed his own beer in his house but grew enough hops in the garden to make the 300-400 gallons he needed.

The "raw materials" of beer are malt, hops, water, and sugar which may replace some of the malt. There have been some protests against the use of "good grain" for beer-making instead of stock-feeding in war time. They are

obviously made by people without knowledge of the chemistry of brewing.

A great proportion of the malt used is returned to the farmer as a cattle food—and paradoxically it has a higher value than the original grain owing to the concentration of protein. This cattle food greatly increases the yield of milk so that the making of Britain's national beverage for adults helps her national beverage for children! Incidentally, it is only in comparatively recent years that beer has not been given to children.

At my own ancient grammar school the boys had been given a daily ration of beer until a comparatively short time ago.

Investigation of the food properties of beer show that it contains, apart from alcohol, about 0.3 per cent. of protein of a specially valuable kind, and that the potassium phosphate present is valuable to heavy workers who perspire a great deal, replacing the lost salts in sweat.

Amongst the novel breweries of Britain is one at Leicester run by the customers—working men's clubs. They founded the brewery after a dispute with brewers in 1919, sell the beer at a penny a pint less than the standard price, produce 40,000 gallons a week and made £56,000 profit last year.

The other novel breweries are those owned by the taxpayers in the Carlisle, Gretna and Cromarty Firth areas. Profits from the breweries and the State licensed houses in the last year of accounts was nearly a quarter of a million pounds—a nice little windfall for the taxpayer who benefits.

MUSKRAT PARADISE

ALCEE BROUSSARD can make good wages right in Thibodaux, Louisiana, and live in comfort in his tidy little home. But, come autumn, Alcée gets restless. The marshes call. The love of outdoor life is strong in him—and one day in late November he tells the boss he's quitting. And the boss knows better than to try to dissuade him.

With 20,000 other Creoles, Cajuns, Islenos, Dalmatians, Sabines—the mixed folk of south Louisiana—Alcée is going to trap muskrats. For nine months in the year the trappers are loggers, moss gatherers, fishermen, oystermen, and, nowadays, shipyard workers. Every winter they go camping in the marshes—they and their whole families, in a great seasonal migration.

Alcée's outfit is typical: a houseboat—"campboat," he calls it—for himself; another for his married son; a half-dozen skiffs; and two or three pirogues, those tricky little canoes beautifully fashioned from a single log. The boats are piled high with stoves, mattresses, wash-tubs, pots, pans, all the gear of house-keeping. There are likely to be a crate of squawking hens and a hog in a pen; there may be a room for the family cow. And children, always children, waving to everyone they pass, gay with the thought of three months' camping, far from the schoolroom.

From this one area trappers take more than 6,000,000 muskrat pelts a year—about as many as from all the rest of the states combined, and more than Canada and Alaska together produce. This narrow strip of quaking marsh supports the weight of the great American fur industry, for muskrat in its many guises is the staple, the bread and butter, of the fur trade.

Love at first sight, that's what it was, or what second officer Richard Catesby thought it was. And when he pretended to be the girl's long-lost brother, the fun started.

ESTABLISHING RELATIONS

By W. W. Jacobs

MR. RICHARD CATESBY, "It must be something wrong with the glass, or else it's the bad light," said Mr. Catesby to himself; "no girl is so beautiful as that."

He went by again to make sure. The object of his solicitude was still there and apparently unconscious of his existence. He passed very slowly and sighed deeply.

"You've got it at last, Dick Catesby," he said, solemnly, "fair and square in the most dangerous part of the heart. It's serious this time."

He stood still on the narrow pavement, pondering, and then, in excuse of his flagrant misbehaviour, murmured, "It was meant to be," and went by again.

This time he fancied that he detected a somewhat supercilious expression in the dark eyes—a faint raising of well-arched eyebrows.

His engagement to wait at Aldgate Station for the second engineer and spend an evening together was dismissed as too slow to be considered. He stood for some time in uncertainty, and then, turning slowly into the Beehive, which stood at the corner, went into the private bar and ordered a glass of beer.

He was the only person in the bar, and the landlord, a stout man in his shirt-sleeves, was the soul of affability.

Mr. Catesby, after various general remarks, made a few inquiries about an uncle aged five minutes, whom he thought was living in Bashford's Lane.

"I don't know 'im," said the landlord.

"I had an idea that he lived at No. 5," said Catesby. The landlord shook his head. "That's Mrs. Truefitt's house," he said, slowly.

Mr. Catesby pondered. "Truefitt, Truefitt," he repeated; "what sort of a woman is she?"

"Widder-woman," said the landlord; "she lives there with 'er daughter Prudence."

Mr. Catesby said "Indeed!" and, being a good listener, learned that Mrs. Truefitt was the widow of a master-lighterman, and that her son, Fred Truefitt, after an absence of seven years in New Zealand, was now on his way home.

He finished his glass slowly, and the landlord departing to attend to another customer, made his way into the street again.

He walked along slowly, picturing as he went the homecoming of the long-absent son. Things were oddly ordered in this world, and Fred Truefitt would probably think nothing of his brotherly privileges. He wondered whether he was like Prudence. He wondered—

"By Jove, I'll do it!" he said recklessly, as he turned. "Now for a row."

He walked back rapidly to Bashford's Lane, and, without giving his courage time to cool, plied the knocker of No. 5 briskly.

The door was opened by an elderly woman, thin, and somewhat querulous in expression. Mr. Catesby had just time to notice this, and then he flung his arm round her waist, and, hailing her as "Mother!" saluted her warmly.

The faint scream of the astounded Mrs. Truefitt brought her daughter hastily into the passage. Mr. Catesby's idea was ever to do a thing thoroughly, and, relinquishing Mrs. Truefitt, he kissed Prudence with all the ardour which a seven years' absence might be supposed to engender in the heart of a devoted brother.

In return he received a box on the ears which made his head ring.

"He's been drinking," gasped the dismayed Mrs. Truefitt. "Don't you know me, mother?" inquired Mr. Richard Catesby, in grievous astonishment.

"He's mad," said her daughter. "Am I so altered that you don't know me, Prudence?" inquired Mr. Catesby with pathos. "Don't you know your Fred?"

"Go out," said Mrs. Truefitt, recovering; "go out at once."

Mr. Catesby looked from one to the other in consternation. "I know I've altered," he said at last, "but I'd no idea—"

"If you don't go out at once

I'll send for the police," said the elder woman sharply. "Prudence, scream!"

"I'm not going to scream," said Prudence, eyeing the intruder with great composure. "I'm not afraid of him."

Despite her reluctance to have a scene—a thing which was strongly opposed to the traditions of Bashford's Lane—Mrs. Truefitt had got as far as the doorstep in search of assistance, when a sudden terrible thought occurred to her: Fred was dead, and the visitor had hit upon this extraordinary fashion of breaking the news gently!

"Come into the parlour," she said, in a faint voice.

Mr. Catesby, suppressing his surprise, followed her into the room. Prudence, her fine figure erect and her large eyes meeting his steadily, took up a

position by the side of her mother.

"You have brought bad news?" inquired the latter.

"No, 'mother,'" said Mr. Catesby simply, "only myself, that's all."

Mrs. Truefitt made a gesture of impatience, and her daughter, watching him closely, tried to remember something she had once read about detecting insanity by the expression of the eyes. Those of Mr. Catesby were blue, and the only expression in them at the present moment was one of tender and respectful admiration.

"When did you see Fred last?" inquired Mrs. Truefitt, making another effort.

"Mother," said Mr. Catesby, with great pathos, "don't you know me?"

"He has brought bad news of Fred," said Mrs. Truefitt.

(Continued on Page 3)

5. How far is the baulk line from the end of a full-sized billiard table?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 48, 72, 32, 26, 64, 24.

Answers to Quiz in No. 680

1. Measure of wine.

2. Three.

3. Gatt-ak-er.

4. Stormy petrel

5. Four yards.

6. July has 31 days; others have 30.

1. A xyst is a holy water stoop, sailing vessel, hard pimple, covered path?

2. Which is heavier, chalk or flint?

3. How should you pronounce the town of Hawarden?

4. Of what country is the peacock a native bird?

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

CHIEF Storekeeper of the House of Commons, Mr. G. W. J. Howell, who has just completed 45 years' service, tells how a suffragette was discovered hiding in a broom cupboard at the House some years ago. She was there, she said, to avoid being counted in the Census which was then being made. A few days later she threw herself in front of the King's horse at the Derby and was killed.

If you ever get down Maidenhead way it will be worth taking a look at Bisham Village. Just before the war, the Council decided that many of the old houses in the village should be pulled down and entirely rebuilt.

But Miss Phyllis Vansittart-Neale, who owns the whole village, got them to agree to allow her to recondition the houses so that the beauty of the place should not be spoilt.

Now every house is in good condition, with water supply, fitted larders, larger windows and other modern amenities—and Bisham keeps its charm. It is a model village, saved by one woman.

WHEN the Home Guards put their feet on the mantel-piece once more, and laughed like anything to hear the rain pouring down outside—in other words when they handed in their rifles and disbanded—James Frisby, of Beech Wood Lane, Heyrod, Cheshire, looked about for a new hobby to fill up his evenings.

And he picked on the Football Pool.

He hadn't tried it before, and it provided a bit of interest.

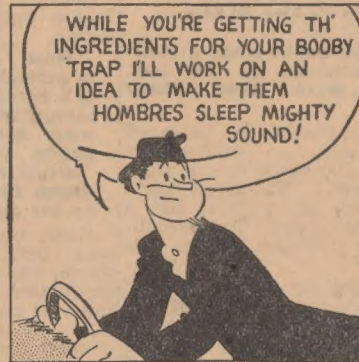
That was six months ago. Now Mr. Frisby has got £16,241 4s. for a correct tuppenny guess on the "points pool"—and he doesn't quite know what to do with it. He's fifty-five, and has worked for thirty-nine years on the railway, so he'll probably retire. But that means he's got to find a new hobby to pass the time.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago Mrs. Alice Neal, of High Street, Thames Ditton, decided to go to the next meeting of the Esher District Council. She had been very angry about the water supply to a neighbour's house, which had been damaged by fire, and she wanted to find out what the Council was going to do about it.

There was a bit of a stir when she arrived in the Council Chamber. It was the first time in living memory that any member of the public had broken into their privacy. They weren't sure they liked it, and they went on with their business a bit hot under the collar with the eye of the public upon them.

They've got used to it now. Mrs. Neal has attended every Council meeting for those twenty-four years—except one. They forgot to let her know when they altered the starting time on that occasion. And the Councillors wouldn't feel happy, now, unless she were there.

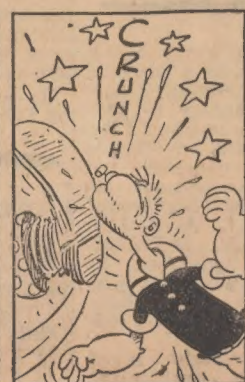
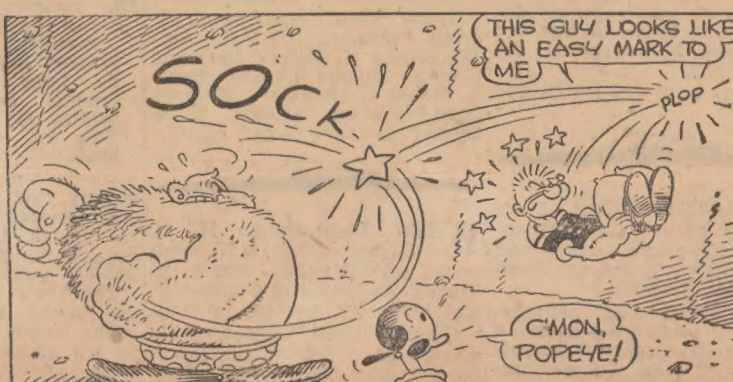
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 620

1. Cut one letter out of a fruit and get equality.

2. Insert the same letter nine times and make sense of: Ickitheeebutecietoenyit.

3. What common word has NOLE for its exact middle?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Along the middle of a church runs the —, but the — is on top of the spire.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 619

1. DE(S)IGN.
2. Sit sideways so as not to strain the side of the seat.
3. PerMANENTly.
4. Caution, auction.

JANE

ESTABLISHING RELATIONS

(Continued from Page 2)

turning to her daughter; "I brought bad news of Fred. How did he know about him?"

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Catesby, with a bewildered glance from one to the other. "I am Fred. Am I much changed? You look the same as you always did, and it seems only yesterday since I kissed Prudence good-bye at the docks. You were crying, Prudence."

Miss Truefitt made no reply; she gazed at him unflinchingly, and then bent towards her mother.

"He is mad," she whispered; "we must try and get him out quietly. Don't contradict him."

"Keep close to me," said Mrs. Truefitt, who had a great horror of the insane. "If he turns violent open the window and scream. I thought he had brought bad news of Fred. How did he know about him?"

Her daughter shook her head and gazed curiously at their afflicted visitor.

She put his age down at twenty-five, and she could not help thinking it a pity that so good-looking a young man should have lost his wits.

"Bade Prudence good-bye at the docks," continued Mr. Catesby, dreamily. "You drew me behind a pile of luggage. Prudence, and put your head on my shoulder. I have thought of it ever since."

Miss Truefitt did not deny it, but she bit her lips and shot a sharp glance at him. She began to think that her pity was uncalled for.

(More to-morrow)



KNOW YOUR ANIMALS

By Jack Greenall

THE CAMEL.

THE Camel, like the Porcupine and the Skunk, is better living on his own. He's awful; he has too much lip, and he dribbles.

His knees are a disgrace, and his coat's lousy. He has fleas—how many not even he knows. His feet sprawl all over the place, and he smells. Strong men rush for the smelling-salts when they get a whiff from a camel.

This rag-a-muffin has only two speeds, slow and stopped. He comes as a single mount or a tandem, it depends on the humps. These humps are made of fat. After riding on one you'd swear they're constructed of re-inforced concrete. One stands for meals after a ride on a camel's hump.

Camels make love only to other camels. Need I say more?

CROSS-WORD CORNER

OPPORTUNIST
SEE TURN NOW
CAT MUD TIE
USE BEE ELL
L RFA RAG F
AVER BENT
NODAL SARAH
TI NEVIS IS
COCHINEAL
HEW ACE WEB
IDLER WINDY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10			11		
12				13			
14						15	
	16			17		18	
19			20				
21	22	23		24	25	26	
27		28					29
30	31			32			
33				34			
35			36			37	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Wild fruit. 4 Low. 6 Crown. 9 Male Christian name. 11 Sharpen. 12 Disturbances. 13 Girl's name. 14 Wood joint. 15 Erect. 16 Sort of drama. 17 Stupid. 20 Relieve. 21 Jeer. 24 Go on. 27 Company. 28 Watch-glasses. 30 Of the ear. 32 Ethical. 33 Support. 34 Stupefy. 35 And the rest. 36 Vehicle. 37 Gull.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Difficult. 2 Language. 3 Stipulation. 4 Imperious. 5 About. 6 Fish. 7 Scotch boy. 8 Eye. 10 Detail. 11 Robust. 13 Dealers. 18 Patent remedy. 19 Avoid. 22 Quadrangle. 23 Flutter. 25 Jot. 26 Banter. 29 Swing round. 31 Old bird. 34 Scholar.

RUGGLES



GARTH

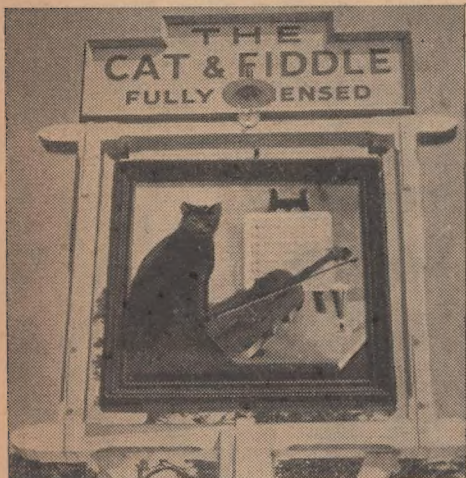


JUST JAKE





THIS ENGLAND—THE CUMBERLAND VILLAGE OF WATENDLATH.
A cluster of stone cottages and barns beside a Lakeland town, set down in a fertile upland valley. It is the scene of many incidents in Sir Hugh Walpole's famous series of "Herries" books. The white-washed house on the extreme right is the reputed home of Judith Paris.



Next time we're at Hinton Admiral, Hampshire, remind us to have a quick one in the "Cat and Fiddle." Then we'll all go and call on the admiral!



This delectable dish resting on the sand is Gene Tierney, 20th Century-Fox star. We have had her in our periscope sights all the morning—and mean to stooge around until it's safe to surface.



She was once chosen "Miss Ohio"—when she was sixteen—but Elaine Riley has successfully lived that down! With a figure like her's, there's nothing you can't live down.



Following reports that a mysterious face with a long white beard had been seen in a barn at Corringham, Essex, the lads of the village investigated. The mystery was solved when they found Gus the goat. Here you see him at his look-out post.